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"pure and lovely soul" about to quit its clay, was already blest in communion with its Maker."

His friends crowded eagerly about the dying man; it was evident that the moment of dissolution was near; his pulse fluttered—his breathing grew shorter. It was at this awful instant that his countenance was invested with that singular radiance—that expression of more than mortal inspiration, never to pass from the remembrance of those who beheld it. "It was," says the author of "*La Storia di Scultura*," who was present, "as if all the sublime conceptions of his life were visible in his face at that moment." It was no illusion; no religious respect to the illustrious departing; the bystanders saw and wondered at a glory such as his hand had never wrought, nor his mind ever before conceived! Zanmini in recording this phenomenon, attributes this expression to no supernatural influence; but to the habitual frame of a mind accustomed to indulge in visions of celestial beauty; to seize and embody the sublimest conceptions. The same all-subduing mental habits which prompts the expiring conqueror to murmur words of command, caused the last faltering words of the artist, and filled his countenance with that expression of beatitude and glory, not to be understood save by those who could sympathize with him.

For some minutes this continued; but as the sun darted his first rays into the chamber, the wondrous expression passed away; his head sank slowly to the left; one deep breath parted his lips, and his earthly life was extinguished forever.

Thus died Canova, whose genius as a sculptor, was the reverse of that of Michael Angelo; for he excelled in ease and simplicity, in soft beauty and bewitching grace. He bore with him, in his death, the love of all who knew him—the grief of Italy—the admiration of the world.

#### THE FOUR HENRYS.

The following strange tale, translated from the French, contains the account of rather a singular rencontre of four individuals, who made themselves prominent in France during the middle and end of the sixteenth century, and is as follows:

One stormy evening, as the rain fell in torrents, an old woman, who lived in a miserable hut in the forest of St. Germain, and who passed in the surrounding country for a kind of witch, heard a loud knocking at her door. She opened it, and a young man on horseback presented himself and craved hospitality.

By the dull light of a lamp which she held in her hand, she perceived him to be a young nobleman. He appeared to be quite young, and his dress denoted rank. The old woman lighted a fire, and inquired of the stranger whether he was hungry and desired food. The appetite of a youth of sixteen is like his heart at the same age, craving, and not difficult to please, and he immediately accepted the offer. A morsel of cheese and a loaf of black bread from the cupboard was all that the old dame could produce.

"I have nothing more," she said to the young nobleman; "that is all your grinding tithes and taxes leave a poor creature to offer a traveler; the peasants, too, in this country, call me a witch and sorceress, and make that excuse to their consciences for stealing from me the little that my poor old field produces."

"Ma foi!" said the young man, "if ever I become the King of France, I will suppress the taxes and teach the people better."

"God grant it!" replied the old woman.

At these words the gentleman drew to the table to commence his repast; but at the same moment a fresh knock at the door arrested him.

The old woman opened it and perceived another horseman, drenched with rain, who also begged for shelter. The same hospitality was also granted him, and on the stranger's entrance, she perceived that the man was young, and judging from his appearance, of noble descent.

"What? is it you, Henry?" cried one.

"Yes, Henry," replied the other. Both were named Henry.

The old woman discovered from their conversation that they were of a number of a large hunting party, conducted by the King, Charles IX., which had been dispersed by the storm.

"Mother," said the second comer, "have you nothing better to offer us?"

"Nothing," replied she.

"Then," said he, "we will go shares."

The first Henry demurred, but glancing at the resolute eye and strong frame of the second Henry, said in a somewhat chagrined tone:

"Agreed; we shall share equally."

He dared not express his secret motive, but he feared, if not sharing equally, his companion would appropriate the whole. They accordingly sat down on either side of the table, and one had already begun to eat the bread with his dagger, when a third knock was heard at the door. The meeting was indeed singular. It was again a youth, a nobleman and a Henry. The old woman looked at them with astonishment.

The first comer wished to hide his bread and cheese. The second replaced them on the table, and laid his sword by their side. The third Henry smiled.

"You do not wish, then, that I should share your supper?" said he. "Well, I can wait; I have a strong stomach."

"The supper," said the first Henry, "belongs, by right, to the first comer."

"The supper," said the second, "belongs to him who knows best how to defend it!"

The third Henry became red with anger, and said haughtily:

"Perhaps it belongs to him who knows best how to fight for it."

These words were scarcely uttered when the first Henry drew his poignard, the two others their swords. As they were just beginning the affray they were startled by a fourth knock at the cabin door—a fourth young man, a fourth nobleman, a fourth Henry was introduced. At the sight of drawn swords he produced his own, and, attaching himself to the weakest party, he joined in the combat.

The old woman, terrified, hid herself, and the weapons struck everything in their reach. The lamp fell down and was extinguished, but they continued to fight in the darkness. The noise of the swords lasted some time, then gradually became less, and at length ceased altogether. The old woman ventured to issue forth from her hiding place, and, rekindling the lamp, she perceived the four young men stretched on the ground, each having a slight wound. She examined them carefully, and found that fatigue, rather than loss of blood, had overcome them.

They rose from the ground one after the other, and ashamed of what had transpired in the heat of their passion, they began laughing and exclaimed:

"Come, let us now sup together without any more fighting."

But when they came to look for their supper they found it on the ground, all trodden under foot and stained with blood. Meagre as it was, they regretted it. In addition to this the cabin was destroyed, and the old witch, seated in a corner, fixed her pale, red eyes on the four young men.

"Why dost thou stare on us thus?" said the first Henry, who was troubled at her gaze.

"I am reading the fates written on your foreheads," replied she.

The second Henry commanded her sternly to disclose them, and the two others laughingly acquiesced. The old woman replied:

"As you have all four met in this cabin, so shall you all meet in a like destiny. As you have trampled under foot and stained with blood the bread offered you by hospitality, so will you trample under foot and stain with blood the power you might mutually share. As you have devastated and laid waste France; as you have all four been wounded in the darkness, so you will all four perish by treason and a violent death."

The four young noblemen could not refrain from laughing at the old woman's prediction.

These four noblemen were the four heroes of the Ligne—two as its leaders, and two as its enemies.

Henry of Conde—poisoned by his wife at Saint Jean d'Angely.

Henry of Guise—assassinated at Blois by the Forty-five.

Henry of Valois—assassinated by Jacques Clement at St. Cloud.

Henry of Bourbon—assassinated at Paris by Ravaillac.

#### LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

#### MICHAEL ANGELO.

Born 1474, died 1564.

We have spoken of Leonardo da Vinci. Michael Angelo, the other great luminary of art, was twenty-two years younger; but the more severe and reflective cast of his mind rendered their difference of age far less in effect than in reality. It is usual to compare Michael Angelo with Raphael, but he is more aptly compared with Leonardo da Vinci. All the great artists of that time, even Raphael himself, were influenced more or less by these two extraordinary men, but they exercised no influence on each other. They started from opposite points; they pursued throughout their whole existence, and in all they planned and achieved, a course as different as their respective characters. It would be very curious and interesting to carry out the comparison in detail; to show the contrast in organization, in temper, in talent, which existed between men so highly and so equally endowed; but our limits forbid this indulgence. We shall, therefore, only observe that, considered as artists, they emulated each other in variety of power, but that Leonardo was more the painter than the sculptor and architect, Michael Angelo was more the sculptor and architect than the painter. Both sought true inspiration in Nature, but they beheld her with different eyes. Leonardo, who designed admirably, appears to have seen no outline in objects, and labored all his life to convey, by color and light and shade, the impression of beauty and the illusive effect of rotundity. He preferred the use of oil to fresco, because the mellow smoothness and transparency of the vehicle was more capable of giving the effects he desired. Michael Angelo, on the contrary, turned his whole attention to the definition of form, and the expression of life and power through action and movement; he regarded the illusive effects of painting as meretricious and beneath his notice, and despised oil-painting as a style for women and children. Considered as men, both were as high-minded and generous as they were gifted and original; but the former was as remarkable for his versatile and social accomplishments, his love of pleasure and habits of expense, as the latter for his stern, inflexible temper, and his temperate, frugal and secluded habits.

Michael Angelo Buonaroti was born at Settignano, near Florence, in the year 1474. He was descended from a family once noble—even amongst the noblest of the feudal lords of northern Italy—the Counts of Camossa; but that branch of it represented by his father, Luigi Leonardo Buonaroti Simoni, had for some generations become poorer and poorer, until the last

descendant was thankful to accept an office in the law, and had been nominated magistrate or *máyor* (*Podesca*) of Chiusi. In this situation he had limited his ambition to the prospect of seeing his eldest son a notary or advocate in his native city. The young Michael Angelo showed the utmost distaste for the studies allowed to him, and was continually escaping from his home, and from his desk to haunt the ateliers of the painters, particularly that of Ghirlandajo, who was then at the height of his reputation, and of whom some account has been already given.

The father of Michael Angelo, who found his family increase too rapidly for his means, had destined some of his sons for commerce, (it will be recollect that in Genoa and Florence the most powerful nobles were merchants or manufacturers), and others for civil or diplomatic employments. But the fine arts, as being at that time productive of little honor or emolument, he held in no esteem, and treated these tastes of his eldest son, sometimes with contempt, and sometimes even with harshness. Michael Angelo, however, had formed some friendship among the young painters, and particularly with Francesco Granacci, one of the best pupils of Ghirlandajo; he contrived to borrow models and drawings, and studied them in secret with such persevering assiduity and consequent improvement that Ghirlandajo, captivated by his genius, undertook to plead his cause to his father, and, at length, prevailed over the old man's family pride and prejudices. At the age of fourteen, Michael Angelo was received into the studio of Ghirlandajo as a regular pupil, and bound to him for three years; and such was the precocious talent of the boy, that instead of being paid for his instruction, Ghirlandajo undertook to pay the father, Lionardo Buonaroti, for the first, second, and third years, six, eight, and twelve golden florins, as payment for the advantage he expected to derive from the labor of the son. Thus was the vocation of the young artist decided for life.

At that time Lorenzo the Magnificent reigned over Florence. He had formed in his palace and gardens a collection of antique marbles, busts, statues, fragments, which he had converted into an academy for the use of young artists, placing at the head of it as director a sculptor of some eminence, named Bertoldo. Michael Angelo was one of the first who, through the recommendation of Ghirlandajo, was received into this new academy, afterwards so famous and so memorable in the history of art. The young man, then not quite sixteen, had hitherto occupied himself chiefly in drawing; but now, tired by the beauties he beheld around him, and by the example and success of a fellow-pupil, Torregiano, he set himself to model in clay, and, at length, to copy in marble what was before him; but, as was natural in a character and genius so steeped in individuality, his copies became not so much imitations of form as original embodyings of the leading idea, and Lorenzo de' Medici, struck by his extraordinary power, sent for his father, and offered to attach the boy to his own service, and to undertake the entire care of his education. The father consented, on condition of receiving for himself an office under the government; and, thenceforth, Michael Angelo was lodged in the palace of the Medici, and treated by Lorenzo as his son.

Such sudden and increasing favor excited the envy and jealousy of his companions, particularly of Torregiano, who, being of a violent and arrogant temper (that of Michael Angelo was by no

means conciliating), sought every means of showing his hatred. On one occasion, a quarrel having ensued while they were at work together, Torregiano turned in fury and struck his rival a blow with his mallet, which disfigured him for life. His nose was flattened to his face, and Torregiano, having by this "sacrilegious stroke" gratified his hatred, was banished from Florence.

It is fair, however, to give Torregiano's own account of this incident as he related it to Benvenuto Cellini, many years afterwards. "This Buonaroti and I, when we were young men, went to study in the church of the Carmelites, in the chapel of Masaccio. It was customary with Buonaroti to rally those who were learning to draw there. One day, among others, a sarcasm of his having stung me to the quick, I was extremely irritated, and doubling my fist, gave him such a violent blow on the nose that I felt the bone and cartilage yield as if they had been made of paste, and the mark I then gave him he will carry to his grave."

Thus it appears that the blow was not unprovoked, and that Michael Angelo, even at the age of sixteen, indulged in that contemptuous arrogance and sarcastic speech which, in his maturer age, made him so many enemies. But to return.

Michael Angelo continued his studies under the auspices of Lorenzo; but just as he had reached his eighteenth year he lost his generous patron, his second father, and was thenceforth thrown on his own resources. It is true that the son of Lorenzo, Piero de' Medici, continued to extend his favor to the young artist, but with so little comprehension of his genius and character, that on one occasion, during a severe winter, he sent him to form a statue of snow for the amusement of his guests.

Michael Angelo, while he yielded, perforce, to the caprices of his protector, turned the energies of his mind to a new study—that of anatomy—and pursued it with all that fervor which belonged to his character. His attention was at the same time directed to literature, by the counsels and conversations of a very celebrated scholar and poet, then residing in the court of Piero—Angelo Poliziano; and he pursued at the same time the cultivation of his mind and the practice of his art. Engrossed by his own studies, he was scarcely aware of what was passing around him, nor of the popular intrigues which were preparing the ruin of the Medici. Suddenly this powerful family were flung from sovereignty to temporary disgrace and exile; and Michael Angelo, as one of their retainers, was obliged to fly from Florence, and took refuge in the city of Bologna. During the year he spent there he found a friend, who employed him on some works of sculpture; and on his return to Florence he executed a Cupid in marble, of such beauty that it found its way into the cabinet of the Duchess of Mantua as a real antique. On the discovery that the author of this beautiful statue was a young man of two-and-twenty, the Cardinal San Giorgio invited him to Rome, and for some time lodged him in his palace. Here Michael Angelo, surrounded and inspired by the grand remains of antiquity, pursued his studies with unceasing energy. He produced a statue of Bacchus, which added to his reputation; and the group of the dead Christ on the knees of his Virgin Mother (called the *Pietà*), which is now in the church of St. Peter's at Rome. This last, being frequently copied and imitated, obtained him so much applause and reputation, that he was recalled to Florence, to undertake several

public works, and found himself once more established in his native city about the year 1504.

Hitherto we have seen Michael Angelo wholly devoted to the study and practice of sculpture; but soon after his return to Florence he was called upon to compete with Leonardo da Vinci in executing the cartoons for the frescoes with which it was intended to decorate the walls of the Palazzo Vecchio, or town-hall of Florence. The cartoon of Leonardo has been already described. That of Michael Angelo represented an incident which occurred during the siege of Pisa—a group of Florentine soldiers bathing in the Arno hear the trumpet which proclaims a sortie of the enemy, and spring at once to the combat. He chose this subject, perhaps, as affording ample opportunity to exhibit his peculiar and wonderful skill in designing the human figure. All is life and movement. The warriors, some already clothed, but the greater part undressed, hasten to obey the call to battle, they are seen clambering up the banks—buckling on their armor—rushing forward, hurriedly, eagerly. There are, altogether, about thirty figures, the size of life, drawn with black chalk, and relieved with white. This cartoon was regarded by his contemporaries as the most perfect of his works; that is, in respect to the execution merely; as to subject, sentiment, and character, it would not certainly rank with the finest of his works; for, with every possible variety of gesture and attitude, exhibited with admirable and life-like energy, and the most consummate knowledge of form, there was only one expression throughout, and that the least intellectual, majestic, or interesting—the expression of hurry and surprise. While this great work existed, it was a study for all the young artists of Italy. But Michael Angelo, who had suffered in person from the jealousy of one rival, was destined to suffer yet more cruelly from the envy of another. It is said that Bandinelli, the sculptor, profited by the troubles of Florence to tear in pieces this monument of the glory and genius of a man he detested; but in doing so he has only left an enduring stain upon his own fame. A small old copy of the principal part of the composition exists in the collection of the Earl of Leicester, at Holkham, and has been finely engraved by Schiavonetti.

The next work in which Michael Angelo was engaged was the tomb of Pope Julius II., who, while living, had conceived the idea of erecting a most splendid monument to perpetuate his memory. For this work, which was never completed, Michael Angelo executed the famous statue of Moses, seated, grasping his flowing beard with one hand, and with the other sustaining the tables of the law. While employed on this tomb, the pope commanded him to undertake also the decoration of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. The reader may remember that Pope Sixtus IV., in the year 1473, erected this famous chapel, and summoned the best painters of that time, Signorelli, Cosimo Roselli, Perugino, and Ghirlandajo, to decorate the interior. But down to the year 1508 the ceiling remained without any ornament; and Michael Angelo was called upon to cover this enormous vault, a space of one hundred and fifty feet in length by fifty in breadth, with a series of subjects, representing the most important events connected, either literally or typically, with the fall and redemption of mankind.

No part of Michael Angelo's long life is so interesting, so full of characteristic incident, as the history of his intercourse with Pope Julius II.,

which began in 1505, and ended only with the death of the pope, in 1513.

Michael Angelo had at all times a lofty idea of his own dignity as an artist, and never would stoop either to flatter a patron or to conciliate a rival. Julius II., though now seventy-four, was as impatient of contradiction, as fiery in temper, as full of magnificent and ambitious projects, as if he had been in the prime of life. In his service was the famous architect Bramante, who beheld with jealousy and alarm the increasing fame of Michael Angelo and his influence with the pontiff, and set himself by indirect means to lessen both. He insinuated to Julius that it was ominous to erect his own mausoleum during his lifetime, and the pope gradually fell off in his attentions to Michael Angelo, and neglected to supply him with the necessary funds for carrying on the work. On one occasion, Michael Angelo, finding it difficult to obtain access to the pope, sent a message to him to this effect, "that henceforth, if his holiness desired to see him, he should send to seek him elsewhere;" and the same night, leaving orders with his servants to dispose of his property, he departed for Florence. The pope dispatched five couriers after him with threats, persuasions, promises—but in vain. He wrote to the Gonfaloniere Soderini, then at the head of the government of Florence, commanding him, on pain of his extreme displeasure, to send Michael Angelo back to him; but the inflexible artist absolutely refused. Three months were spent in vain negotiations. Soderini, at length, tearing the pope's anger, prevailed on Michael Angelo to return, and sent with him his relation Cardinal Soderini to make up the quarrel between the high contending powers. The pope was then at Bologna, and at the moment when Michael Angelo arrived he was at supper. He desired him to be brought into his presence, and on seeing him, exclaimed, in a transport of fury, "Instead of obeying our commands and coming to us, thou hast waited till we came in search of thee!" (Bologna being much nearer to Florence than to Rome.) Michael Angelo fell on his knees, and entreated pardon with a loud voice. "Holy father," said he; "my offence has not arisen from an evil nature; I could no longer endure the insults offered to me in the palace of your holiness." He remained kneeling, and the pope continued to bend his brows in silence, when a certain bishop in attendance on the Cardinal Soderini, thinking to mend the matter, interceded with excuses, representing that "Michael Angelo—poor man!—had erred through ignorance; that artists were wont to presume too much on their genius," and so forth. The irascible pope, interrupting him with a sharp blow across the shoulders with his staff, exclaimed, "It is thou that art ignorant and presuming, to insult him whom we feel ourselves bound to honor. Take thyself out of our sight!" And as the terrified prelate stood transfixed with amazement, the pope's attendants forced him out of the room. Julius then, turning to Michael Angelo, gave him his forgiveness and his blessing, and commanded him never again to leave him, promising him on all occasions his favor and protection. This extraordinary scene took place in November, 1506.

The work on the tomb was not, however, immediately resumed. Michael Angelo was commanded to execute a colossal statue of the pope, to be erected in front of the principal church of Bologna. He threw into the figure and attitude so much of the haughty and resolute character of

the original, that Julius, on seeing the model, asked him, with a smile, whether he intended to represent him as blessing or as cursing. To which Michael Angelo prudently replied, that he intended to represent his holiness as admonishing the inhabitants of Bologna to obedience and submission. "And what," said the pope, well pleased, "wilt thou put in the other hand?"—"A book, may it please your holiness?"—"A book, man!" exclaimed the pope; "put rather a sword. Thou knowest I am no scholar." The fate of this statue, however we may lament it, was fitting and characteristic. A few years afterwards, the populace of Bologna rebelled against the popedom, flung down the statue of Julius, and out of the fragments was constructed a canon, which, from its origin, was styled *La Giuliana*.

On his return to Rome, Michael Angelo wished to have resumed his work on the mausoleum; but the pope had resolved on the completion of the Sistine Chapel. He commanded Michael Angelo to undertake the decoration of the vaulted ceiling; and the artist was obliged, though reluctantly, to obey. At this time the frescoes which Raphael and his pupils were painting in the chambers of the Vatican had excited the admiration of all Rome. Michael Angelo, who had never exercised himself in the mechanical part of the art of fresco, invited from Florence several painters of eminence, to execute his designs under his own superintendence; but they could not reach the grandeur of his conceptions, which became enfeebled under their hands; and, one morning, in a mood of impatience, he destroyed all that they done, closed the doors of the chapel against them, and would not, thenceforth, admit them to his presence. He then shut himself up, and proceeded with incredible perseverance and energy to accomplish his task alone; he even prepared his own colors with his own hands. He began with the end towards the door; and in the two compartments first painted (though not first in the series), the Deluge, and the Vineyard of Noah, he made the figures too numerous and too small to produce their full effect from below—a fault which he corrected in those executed subsequently. When almost half the work was completed, the pope insisted on viewing what was done, and the astonishment and admiration it excited rendered him more and more eager to have the whole completed at once. The progress, however, was not rapid enough to suit the impatient temper of the pontiff. On one occasion he demanded of the artist when he meant to finish it, to which Michael Angelo replied, calmly, "When I can,"—"When thou canst!" exclaimed the fiery old pope. "Thou hast a mind that I should have thee thrown from the scaffold!" At length, on the day of All Saints, 1512, the ceiling was uncovered to public view. Michael Angelo had employed on the painting only, without reckoning the time spent in preparing the cartoons, twenty-two months, and he received in payment three thousand crowns.

*To be Continued.*

#### LITERARY MATTERS.

##### DEATH OF NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

On Sunday evening last, as the snow was robbing the earth in a spotless shroud, and the cold wintry blasts whistled around his pleasant country home, Nathaniel Parker Willis breathed his last.

The event is not an unexpected one, as Mr. Willis' health had for some time been precarious and reports of his demise had already been circulated through many of the papers; but now that the blow has fallen, and the Angel of Death has claimed the eminent *litterateur* as his own, there are few who will not heave a sigh to his memory, and with heartfelt sorrow mourn his loss.

We append a brief biographical sketch of Mr. Willis' career, but we cannot refrain from referring to the geniality of mind and manner which characterized his life, nor to those high bred attributes and instincts which eminently entitled him to the name of "Gentleman;" a "gentleman" he was, in the largest and broadest sense of the word; kind and gentle in his actions, with a hand and heart open to all, and many a young and striving author owes to his kindness and encouragement his success in the world of letters.

Peace to his manes! We may have had greater and more brilliant writers, but none who possessed to a greater extent goodness of heart and mind, nor whose memory will longer remain fresh in the minds of, not only his friends, but the public at large, than Nathaniel Parker Willis.

The death of this well known poet and author, so long looked for, occurred on Sunday last at his residence at Idlewild, on the banks of the Hudson river—the day of his demise being the anniversary of his sixtieth birthday—and with his death another of the few remaining literary characters of a past generation has left this earthly stage—a departure to be mourned by many, for very few men in his position had more friends or fewer enemies.

Mr. Willis was born at Portland, Me., on the 20th of January, 1807, and was consequently sixty years of age at the time of his death. His parents were highly respectable people, his father, Nathaniel Willis, having been the founder of the *Boston Recorder*, the first religious journal ever published. Of his mother we know but little, except that she was a pious and excellent wife and mother. At an early age the subject of this memoir was taken to Boston, whither his father had removed, where he was first sent to the Latin school, and afterwards to the Academy of Andover, at which latter place he pursued his studies preparatory to entering Yale College. His collegiate course was in every respect a success, and he graduated with honors in 1827, being then but twenty years of age. During this period of the century a graduate of so youthful an age was generally regarded as possessing more than ordinary ability, and indeed Mr. Willis had early developed a taste for literature in the composition of several religious poems, which gained for him quite a reputation among the pupils of Yale and their immediate relatives and friends. These effusions were published under the signature of "Roy," and although they were not possessed of any remarkable evidence of genius, the encomiums of friends determined the youthful author to devote his entire time to the pursuits of literature.

Soon after his graduation Mr. Willis was employed by Mr. Samuel G. Goodrich (one of the Boston *literati*, well known under the signature of "Peter Parley") to edit a series of tales, which were published in two volumes, bearing respectively the titles of "The Legendary" and "The Token." These productions, although evi-